UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes
Editor in Chief

Louis L. Mann
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Germany—Then and Now

Part II.

By Edwin D. Mead

Thoughts for the Times—An Editorial— . . . . . *Arthur L. Weatherly*

Gandhi's Fast . . . . . *Richard B. Gregg*

My Dream . . . . . *Ruth Stout*

Book Reviews . *James A. Fairley, Marguerite Emilio, Etta Josephean Murfey*

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Jews in Germany

Herr Hitler's cruellest assumption, which has let loose the Goebbels-Göring storm, is that the history of the Jews in Germany did not begin until Karl Marx. From this assumption he proceeds to identify Marxism with Judaism, to denounce the Marxian theory, and, still more, every Marxian act, as a manifestation of the Jewish genius, justifying, or, at least, condoning in a turbulent time the excesses, reported and concealed, which his followers commit against the Jews.

Lies, say the Germans, have long legs, and before this particular untruth crosses the German frontier—for hate and prejudice travel light—an attempt may be made to bring home, if not to the storm-area itself, at any rate to the trustees of civilization, the actual facts of the contribution which German Jews have made to German culture. It is not a story of yesterday, but of long ago, not of one century but of many; and, while it is true, as was said in *The Times* leading article of March 14, that Marx learned his philosophy in Berlin and his economics from English Blue-books, so that there were more factors to his thought than his partial Jewish stock, this really matters very little. The story is much older than Marx and very much older than Einstein, who might surely be quoted on the other side. It goes back to the beginnings of modern history, to the emergence of Germany from the Middle Ages, and to her record as a partner with Italy in the foundation of humane thought. Fascism, after all, was not the first and is by no means the chief engine which has levelled the Alps.

"Ecce! Graecia nostro exsilio transvolavit Alpes." Who said this, and when? might well be set in a Goebbels-Göring examination-paper, and a full reply might modify their propaganda. When Johann Reuchlin left Rome as a Hellenist, bringing home his sheaves to his native Saxony, this was the Godspeed of his Greek teacher, Argyropoulos. But at home again, he found Greek was not enough. The complete scholar, as Pico della Mirandola had discovered, had also to be a Hebraist, for German culture, which Reuchlin had at heart not less patriotically than Herr Hitler, was only half finished without Hebrew. But learning Hebrew was not like learning Greek. The Hebrew teachers were not fêted and held in honor, nor invited to lecture from town to town. Italy was hospitable to the Greeks, but Germany was inimical to the Jews, and Reuchlin had to indulge his taste for Hebrew as a kind of secret vice. The whole sorry, sordid story is well known: how Pfefferkorn, a renegade Jew, betrayed the secret to the Dominicans, how these carried the scandal to Rome, and how Reuchlin spent his last years in poverty at Tübingen,

(*Continued on page* 180)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXI MONDAY, MAY 15, 1933 Number 11

PEACE ANTHEM

I

Father enthroned on High!
Humbly Thy children cry
Send Peace on Earth!
May Peace, Prosperity
Fill earth from sea to sea,
May mankind bend the knee
In fear of Thee!

II

May Earth no more rehearse
War's song of crime and curse,
O make war cease!
Death-tube and shrieking shell
Sound for brave men the knell,
Widows the chorus swell—
"O send us Peace!"

III

May mankind's psalm of life
Be Peace instead of Strife,
Filling all earth!
Look down from Heav'n and bless
Earth with Thy Righteousness,
Then reign of Happiness
Shall have its birth!

[Rabbi] Dr. H. Pereira Mendes.

Gandhi's fast, announced to begin this month, is the act of an utterly courageous, utterly devoted man, resolved to use the most effective instrument at his command for the settlement of a problem more important to him than life itself. This new dedication to the great cause of the Untouchables, taken at the very time when Indian political affairs are approaching a fresh crisis, shows how supreme in the Mahatma's mind is the emancipation of India's repressed classes. Even the cause of national independence is insignificant in comparison. Which shows, with perfect clarity, to our mind, just how Gandhi is destined in the end to be rated and reverenced by posterity! With the immortal nationalist leaders—the Washingtons, Bruces, Mazzinis—of course; but still more truly with the immortal religious leaders—Buddha, Zoroaster, Isaiah, Jesus, St. Francis, Tolstoy! It is to be noted that this latest action of the Mahatma is directed not against Britain but against his own countrymen who are proving recalcitrant in the tremendous movement for the liberation of the sixty million Untouchables. This is the reason why he uses this terrific weapon of the fast, which means so much to peoples of the eastern world. It must be hoped, by those who love Gandhi and who would have him bless us by his ineffably inspiring presence in this world, that at the last moment some way will be found to spare him the torture of this ultimate sacrifice. Surely the Indians must heed and follow him ere he lays down his life upon the altar of the oppressed. But if his feet must take this road, we will believe that he will be sustained, and in the end achieve one more of those spiritual victories which make the Mahatma the most remarkable personality of history.

We have no use for dictatorships whether they be in Italy or Russia, Germany or—the United States. In Italy, the Fascist dictatorship has established itself and is now relatively quiet and humane, but the record of the decade under Mussolini is crowded with things of horror, and liberty is of course dead throughout the nation. In Germany, we see dictatorship at its worst. The madness of Hitler, playing upon a popular mind made sick and desperate by the years of suffering, humiliation and degradation following upon Versailles, has produced a situation of savagery comparable only to that which existed in Europe in the Dark Ages. The oppression of minorities, the persecution of the Jews, the assault on enlightenment and culture, the rape of liberty, all mark a reversion to a type of barbarism which we fondly imagined our world had forever outgrown. In Russia, we see dictatorship at its best. Here is a gigantic attempt to lift the level of life for an entire people, to establish an order of justice which shall eliminate poverty, inequality, exploitation, and bring in a society characterized by a general degree of human welfare and happiness hitherto only dreamed of by the most idealistic prophets. Never in history have there been such restrained, disciplined and unselfish rulers—never a regime so utterly dedi-

cated to the emancipation of the common multitudes of earth! Yet there remain in Russia the ugly features of autocratic control, cruel repression of non-conformists, denial of freedom, and the terror. Never were these features more ruthlessly displayed than in the recent wholesale displacement of populations in the interest of the ordained system. Are such things necessary, or ever justified? We cannot think so, for force and violence are to our mind their own condemnation, and in the end their own destruction. We still trust to democracy—certainly in this country, which has no conditions which would make even tolerable the use of such methods as now hold sway over a large part of the European continent. If we Americans cannot work out our problems in peaceful democratic ways, with full freedom of opinion and utter respect for minorities, then we do not deserve the good that revolutionary change would bring us.

After having read all the reports and releases and speeches incident to the visits of the various foreign ministers to Washington, we are sure of but one thing, and that is that we know absolutely nothing of what has taken place. It may be that we are sure also of another thing, and that is that Roosevelt, MacDonald and the rest have not the slightest intention that we shall know anything. Of course, it is entirely possible that there is nothing to know. There is good ground for suspicion that these conferences of statesmen are about as effectual as the mutual scratchings of monkeys sitting in the cages of the zoos. Certainly the official announcements of optimistic cheer are no more impressive than the grunts and squeaks of these same simians as they scrunch a flea or two. But if there is really nothing to report then we insist that this same "nothing" should be reported! Concealment is intolerable in any case whether it be concealment of something or of nothing. For after all, Mr. President, or Mr. Premier, it is *our* affairs you are discussing; it is *our* property you are giving or bartering away; it is *our* welfare you are juggling; it is *our* lives you are selling. To sit outside of closed doors while this trafficking goes on and then to have flung at us, like bones to dogs, these words, *words,* WORDS that are as meaningless as they are dishonest—yes, this is intolerable. We are sick and tired of this hidden talk, this secret diplomacy, this popular deception and betrayal. It wasn't so long ago that thousands of our citizens laid down their lives in battle for the sake of "open covenants openly arrived at." We know these lives were spent in vain. But the ideal was a good one—and it might be put in practice, lest other lives again be spent in vain.

Day before yesterday we read of thousands of unpaid and hungry school-teachers in Chicago marching with banners, songs and cries into the banking district, and by their rioting closing several banks for several hours. Yesterday we read of the veterans who are organizing "bonus" brigades in various parts of the country, and preparing to march on Washington. Today we read of the farmers in Iowa who dragged a judge off his bench, and all but lynched him in his refusal to agree not to sign any further foreclosure warrants. Tomorrow we will read—what? We do not know. In the fortnight intervening between the writing and printing of this editorial, anything may happen, and probably will. For after four years of patient endurance, the American people are getting restive, and being essentially a lawless people, are liable at any time to take things into their own hands. It is undoubtedly this fact—the multiplying signs of revolt among the people, on farms and in cities alike—which is frightening Washington into a panic, and leading to the utterly desperate measures which are now becoming the laws of the land. Will these measures stay the revolt? Probably—for a time! Inflation, like a hyperdermic injection, will stimulate enough activity to give the illusion of life and health. We shall all think, in our infinite capacity for being fooled, that capitalism is recovering from the long sickness of the depression. But "Al" Smith was right—one "shot" in the arm only means another and bigger "shot," until no further stimulation is possible, and collapse at last comes! Yes, we're staving off the evil day; and the evil day, when it comes, is going to be terrible. But meanwhile we can find excitement in participating in the greatest adventure this country has ever had, and comfort in watching the death-throes of a capitalistic system which we have long prophesied was neither able nor fit to live. We are fast coming to the final chapters—with a hundred signs these days of the revolution impending in it all.

The withdrawal of Heywood Broun, distinguished New York journalist, from the Socialist Party, of which he has been a shining light, raises issues of momentous consequence. Mr. Broun's voluntary retirement, it seems, was not altogether voluntary, for he was about to be placed on the carpet for offenses against party discipline. These offenses were two: (1) he had spoken at two public meetings organized and conducted by Communists; and (2) he had written words of enthusiastic approval of "Al" Smith. The latter offense, so called, seems to us altogether ridiculous. Are Socialists to have no admiration for anybody outside the Socialist ranks? As for the other offense, we think we can understand the position of the Party, though we do not endorse it. The understanding springs from our knowledge of Communists and their attitude toward Socialists. If there is anybody that the Communists hate more and abuse worse

than the capitalists it is the Socialists. We do not wonder that the Party regards it is an unfriendly act for a member to consort with the Bolshevik "reds." But the meetings at which Broun spoke were not, strictly speaking, Communist meetings—i. e., they were not in the interest of the Communist cause. One, if we are correctly informed, was a Tom Mooney meeting; and the other was a meeting on behalf of the Scottsboro boys Must a Socialist keep silent on these issues, just because it is Communists who give him an opportunity to talk? To speak under such auspices may be technically a breach of Party discipline, but what is such discipline worth as compared with the need of such martyrs to American injustice as Mooney and the Scottsboro Negroes? And what about this matter of "discipline," anyhow? Discipline may be perfectly right and proper in the Communist Party of Moscow origin and character, but what place has it in an American Socialist Party? We see no reason why loyalty to Socialism in this country should not be consistent with the largest measure of individual liberty of thought, speech, and action.

Felix Adler, dead on April 25th last, looked like a Chinese sage. His measured speech, his imperturbable calm, his austere manner, all combined to give an impression of remote and authoritative wisdom. We knew him only in his age, and can only guess, therefore, the kind of young man he was when he founded the first free kindergarten in New York and went from door to door in the tenement districts distributing circular invitations to the institution, or the kind of mature leader of thought and life who for seventeen years addressed great Sunday morning audiences in Carnegie Hall. We must believe, however, that Adler's powerful appeal to the public was fundamentally rational and not emotional in character. It was the scholar and not the orator who was speaking—in an age, be it said, when there were still great audiences for the purely intellectual discussion, on a high plane of knowledge, of profound philosophical and religious questions. Next to Adler's mental power was his ethical sense which took him out of the synagogue into which he was born, and led him to the founding of the Ethical Culture Movement which was his great and enduring achievement. At a time before it was utterly unfashionable, this man taught the supremacy of Duty, which he planted securely in individual life, and extended widely into social life. There was a moral rigor in Adler's teaching, alike Hebraic and Puritanical in character, which is good to think upon in times like these. There was also a social passion which made the Ethical Culturist one of the outstanding public leaders of his day. In educational reform, tenement house reform, child labor reform, political reform, Felix Adler was at once a dominant intellectual force and a trusted practical counsellor. Philosopher and prophet were impressively combined in him. His scholarship was wide and deep, and sustained him for years in the faculty of Columbia University. His work was creatively important in many directions, but chiefly in the field of religion where his emphasis upon the Ethical content of spirituality led to the organization of a unique religious movement which found followers in other countries than our own. In the end, Felix Adler is destined to be remembered as among the few great religious leaders of modern times.

Thoughts for the Times

I

The current of life sweeps on relentlessly. Personalities appear on its surface and are swept along in the grasp of forces they cannot control. And yet in the brief moment of existence there appears in the conscious life of individuals hopes, aspirations and ideals that by the magic of their own power transform this tiny creature we call man into the likeness of a god. The mystery in which he lives and moves and has his being,—this mystery which he has "clothed in the darkness of a name"—does not overwhelm him. Out of his experience he creates his that have become to him pillars of clouds by day and pillars of flame by night. And now the mystery of life deepens, for helpless man, now become aware of his worth and dignity and power, challenges the very life current itself. Fate ruled the world, but the power of fate rested in the ignorance of man Man, inspired by his vision of what ought to be, although defeated by his own life, ever seeks through his own experience to master the current of life. In this struggle lies all the loveliness, beauty, pathos and tragedy of human experience. In it man rises to his highest heights of achievement and realizes the meaning of creative experience.

II

The histories of mankind have been largely concerned with the story of "man's inhumanity to man." Man made wars have run a close second to famine in the extermination of humanity. One might think, as he reads the records, that this has been in the past the chief desideratum. There is another story of mankind. It has to do with man's escape from what the ancients called The Fates. Man found himself a weak creature, frustrated and even defeated by forces that seemed to be irresistible. This feeble creature, man, has the gift of intelligence. Admittedly, this intelligence is limited and weak, but with it man began his long contest with "the three" who spun the thread of

life. The record of this contest is history, and history reveals man in two diametrically opposed aspects. The first shows him as the son of the devil, a symbol of the destructive forces, the powers of darkness in the Universe, a seeker for power. The second is a revelation of man as a creative being, struggling to master the forces of nature and of escape from the power of the fates. It is in this story of man's escape that we see all the beauty, romance, heroism, courage and devotion that really lifts mankind from the level of the beast. It is this field of human experience in which the creative energy of man is made manifest. It is sharing with the creative process, and by this identification of the creative functions in man with the Creative Process we arrive at that experience which the modern man has called religious.

III

Slowly, with pain and effort and sacrifice, has mankind crept out of the jungle and the cave. Long years passed before we humans approached even the outer rim of what we call civilization, which is for the most part a barbarism veneered with politeness but saved and having meaning because it is shot through and through with idealism. The years of apprenticeship have been hard and even cruel years, in which a relentless nature mowed man down with the scythes of plague and famine, a reaping in which man, inspired by Mars, strove to outdo even nature itself. We have stumbled forward, we have gone on, without chart or compass. Even in matters of state, policy, not principle, has been the rule. Man has, through this long process of growth, accumulated a vast amount of knowledge. He knows much of sky, sea and earth. He has learned something of himself, very little, but something. Today, out of suffering and pain the call comes sharp and clear to the intelligence of mankind "plan, plan." If we of this generation fail to hear the call we will leave for our children as a legacy the world as we found it. The one word they will write across our record will be "failure."

IV

The blazing out of a blatant, unreasoning, militant nationalism in Germany is a cause for sorrow in the heart of every lover of humanity. The hideous torture of the opponents of Hitlerism seems to put the whole of Germany outside of civilization. Before we utterly condemn the Germans let us remember that they are not alone responsible. The Versailles Treaty, the Carthaginian Peace, forced upon Germany by the blood-mad, victorious nations, and the continuation after the Armistice of the food blockade for seven long months, the repudiation of the solemn agreements made on the part of the conquerors as a condition of the Armistice, and the subsequent continual violation of the treaty on their part, furnished the soil in which it was inevitable that something like Hitlerism would grow. The Versailles Treaty never was a peace treaty, it was a war treaty. It has not made the world safe for Democracy but is in itself the basis for new wars. The opponents of the Versailles Treaty have been thoroughly justified by their opposition by the course of events.

V

The liberal attitude of mind is a high spiritual achievement. The liberal in religion, even in this day of schools and colleges, is in a very small minority. But this minority is the saving salt in our civilization. The reactionary has nowhere to turn but to the superstition of the past. For what was true in the past proves true in the experience of mankind and is a part of the living present. The radical denies the truth both of the past and of the present. Both fail to see that human progress is achieved through the emergence of new truth, new values out of human experience. The way of man is the slow, hard, patient way. This is the truth that the liberal sees. There is nothing spectacular about it. Man has been led astray again and again by promises of a new world just around the corner. Men have trampled one another under foot in their heedless rush. In their excitement they have been cruel and ruthless. But when they arrived, alas, there was no new world there, but rather the same old world only a bit more weary and worn. And some men have always held that mankind has nowhere to go; that the business of humanity is to just sit still. Over against these two attitudes the liberal affirms that movement, forward movement, is life. To deny this is to deny life itself.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Jottings

Read UNITY, and keep up to date! George Stewart's important article on the Peruvian martyr, Victor de la Torre ("A Dreyfus Case in the Making," May 1st issue, page 141), was published on the very day of the assassination of President Cerro. Our editorial in the same issue on Mrs. Pearl Buck and the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions (page 137) appeared on the same day Mrs. Buck announced her retirement. *Read* UNITY, *and keep up to date!*

"President Roosevelt may attend World Economic Conference in London in June."

Newspaper Announcement (May 2nd)

Remember Woodrow Wilson, Mr. President, and stay at home!

Inflation blew up prosperity like an exploding

balloon. Deflation brought the balloon crashing to the ground. Now our statesmen would patch up the old gasbag and inflate again! Is there no end to this system of "up-and-down"? No!—not as we live and do business now.

The Scottsboro case reveals a new type of lynching—lawful lynching instead of lawless, by court instead of by mob, by the electric chair in the prison instead of by the rope or the stake outside the prison.

London has postponed for a year its announced "Joy Week." Well, now, that's too bad! Why forego such an opportunity to cure all our ills, solve all our problems, end all our economic, industrial, financial, political, and social difficulties, by just bidding people to be joyful?

If We Were a Newspaper Editor: (5) *We would have a religious editor who was at least half as intelligent as the sports editor, and give him some space.* Yes, give him at least as much as one column to every full page used for sports.

J. H. H.

Germany—Then and Now

II

The German people have not been so responsible for Hitlerism as the nations outside Germany. The Fourteen Points of President Wilson, upon whose assurances Germany laid down her arms, were in cardinal features not observed. Neither was the treaty's own pledge, in cutting down Germany's armament so drastically, that this was to be the precursor of similar reduction of armaments by the other powers, a pledge for a dozen years completely disregarded. Worst of all, the treaty specifically presumed Germany's sole responsibility for the war; a guilt for which the provisions of the treaty were in a way the penalties. No proud and self-respecting nation could permanently or long endure this imputation while believing it unwarranted and unjust; and it was only Germany's weakness and exhaustion that made her endure it so long. The wonder is that Hitlerism did not come to full flower earlier. Its present extravagant demonstration is as belated as it is mischievous; because its provocation has largely been removed. The theory of "one guilty nation" has been discarded by informed and thoughtful men the world over. It is to our credit that our scholars were among the first to discard it; and President Wilson himself never sanctioned the idea that the blame was all on one side. Yet when Sidney B. Fay some years after the war, published his notable articles in the American Historical Review on the causes and origin of the war, the first considerable sane and scholarly discussion, it was to many a surprise. Even when Harry Elmer Barnes followed (1926) with his searching book on "The Genesis of the World War," the two bold Smith College professors were almost voices crying in the wilderness of prejudice and prepossession begotten by the violence of the war passion. Today there is hardly an American scholar who does not essentially agree with them; and Gooch and his associates in England represent an almost equally general sentiment among English scholars. It is not only English scholars, but English political leaders. When three years ago a Chicago professor published a ponderous volume dedicated to the proposition that the theory on which England entered the war in 1914 was the true theory, unluckily for the erudite scholar but fortunately for the cause of truth and peace every one of the three responsible English statesmen of 1914 had publicly repudiated that view before his volume saw the light. Mr. Asquith, the prime minister, had emphasized the essentially accidental nature of the war by declaring his belief that one man, Von Bieberstein, the former German ambassador to England, could had he lived, with his rare influence both in Berlin and London, have prevented the war; Lord Gray, the foreign minister, whose influence in favor of England's entrance into the war had been most decisive, declared in his reminiscences of the period that in the cooler blood of later years he had become convinced that neither the German emperor, chancellor or foreign minister desired or intended the war but were all the victims of a military situation too much for them. Mr. Lloyd George doubtless spoke for all when he similarly declared that he had come to believe that all the nations "stumbled and staggered" into the war together. That was the frank, outspoken and accepted judgment of enlightened England and America ten years after the war, the general judgment one may say of the enlightened world; and the attitude toward Germany in the ensuing years has grown steadily kinder. In view of the awful extent of the catastrophe and of the popular passions, it shows, as measured by the history of the past, an almost incredibly rapid subsidence of ill will and recovery of reason and friendliness, affecting Germany. The waiving at Lausanne last year of the German reparations, the quick recognition of Germany's demand for equality at the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, and the later proposal of Prime Minister MacDonald, kindly received by Italy and France, all show a neighborliness and magnanimity that make the present extravagances of Hitlerism untimely and without excuse, even if they do not presage its passing altogether from the scene. Its only logical significance or warrant was as an expression of popular resentment at Germany's unjust humiliation after the war. There are no wrongs now to be righted by Hitler methods. No fair man today will deny that the taking of a strip thirty miles wide from German territory in order to provide a proper way for traffic and communication from Poland to the Baltic was preposterous; and there is the Silesia wrong. But do these sanction a miniature "war of liberation," or even the chronic storming that keeps Europe in tumult? The wrongs must be righted, and will be righted, but not by Hitlerism; by patience and not by petulance. Hitler was floated into power by a foreign policy based on resentment and hate, in conditions which were steadily waning while his violence grew; and at last he comes to his goal at a time when Ger-

many's real need is a domestic policy based on a brave and far-seeing political economy, about which he knows nothing.

In a word, the passing of Hitlerism is long overdue. It does not represent anything now vital or necessary in German life; it does not number in its own counsels, even if it does in some slight degree in its heterogeneous improvised cabinet, any statesman of real consequence; and the theatrical proclamation at the recent Potsdam performance that it was the expression of a "unified Germany" was ridiculous. Its increased vote in the March election was purely accidental, due more than anything else to the firing of the Reichstag building by a Communist the week before—an act so "providential" for the Nazis as naturally to prompt the charge of collusion, creating the veritable reign of terror over the Communist menace, in which the people went to the polls with the most violent suppression of opposition. The body of evidence in these last days that the burning of the Reichstag building was "staged" is startling. There was not the slightest warrant for making Hitler dictator for four years, a term which he extended by two years after the Reichstag fire alarm.

President von Hindenburg yielded too easily to the clamor and is still culpably silent; and my prediction is that in less than one year the Hitler rule will be over, and this extraordinary upstart, most un-German of German phenomena, will disappear from the picture.

The whole chapter reveals how far behind England, for instance, Germany is in the art of government. Great as her record is in philosophy, science, criticism, music, literature, there is ever and again this emergence of amateurishness and helplessness in government. Such a phenomenon in England as a Hitler at the head of the government would be not only incredible, but wildly absurd. Even in Germany, it would be farcical if it were not so tragical.

The political juvenility of the present barbarism appears glaringly in the recklessness with which the Hitler government is multiplying and inflaming its enemies in the Reich. Every consideration of prudence would counsel conciliation; but that the barbarous treatment not only of the Jews but of the Socialists should be fanned to white heat is to ensure a situation which, in the not impossible case of an eruption from Russia, might rapidly hasten ruin. The hour has struck for the intelligent and sober elements of the German people to get together and pull together.

The natural history of Hitlerism, when it comes to be written, will make a strange chapter. I have had some glimpses of the process in two visits to Germany in the last five years, visits concerned chiefly with study of the political situation, with longest stays at such centers of information and opinion as Munich, Leipzig, and Berlin. The enthusiasm of the Hitler following was amazing, especially among the young men in and out of the universities. It was not a personal enthusiasm—Hitler was more or less laughed at; it was an enthusiasm for the ideas for which, by some strange freak of agitation, he had become the most urgent mouthpiece. It was the resentment of a proud people, and especially its hopeful and ambitious youth, at the sudden eclipse by the hard fortunes of war of the power to which Bismarck had raised the nation and which they had viewed as an entailed right. There was a fringe of "respectability" in the movement, mostly decayed and disgruntled nobility and gentility, who thought that Hitler might, under God, prove an instrument for helping pull the Kaiser back, and in that way help them. But the movement was chiefly middle-class and youthful. All scouted the idea of Hitler himself ever coming to the head of the government, or aiming at it. He was their agitator, their spokesman; and whenever the movement became strong, it would develop its strong men, the natural and adequate political leaders. It never did, and Hitler has stayed at the head because it never did.

It is not because Germany has no longer the power to produce great leaders. Stresseman was a great leader; and his emergence and ascendency and the fidelity with which Germany supported him were a high honor to him and to the German people. He planted himself upon a great idea, the policy of looking forward and not back, and recognized that the world was being born into a new international order, the life of friendship, cooperation and mutual trust. The spirit of patience in which he did his salutary work teaches the lesson which Germany needs at this hour.

When the declaimer at the Potsdam performance exclaimed, "The spirit of Weimar is dead," he said more than he intended. Weimar stands for more than the present republican constitution. More than any other place in Germany, Weimar symbolizes Germany's great golden age; and these holy and inspiring memories, although they can never die so long as Germany has a real "soul," and were sadly eclipsed by the ritual in worship of "the Potsdam spirit." Surely this is a time to hark back to the real "spirit of Weimar" and to Fichte's Address to the German Nation. Those uplifting addresses were not the utterances of a cosmopolitan, but of a patriot, seeking to lift the spirit of his people to a loftier definition and vocation through a deeper sense of the distinction of their own history and racial distinction and their commanding potentialities for mankind. He would indeed have said, as Washington said on the very eve of our national Constitutional Convention, "I am a citizen of the republic of humanity." But as Washington, Jefferson and Franklin, with their visions of a new era for mankind, were primarily engaged with the foundations of the American Republic, so Fichte was primarily concerned with a redeemed Germany. He was not impeaching war. He realized that there might be a righteous war, as then might have been the case, and wrote a special address on that thesis; and we know how valiant a part he took in "the war of liberation," which immediately followed his Address to the German Nation. But the purpose of those great patriotic addresses was to dignify his hearers and the youth of Germany, in the midst of their national humiliation, with a sense of spiritual summons and power.

> Yours is the greater destiny to found an empire of Mind and Reason, to destroy the dominion of rude physical power as the ruler of the world.

His practical aim was a new national system of education which should embody his principles and program; and this would be Germany's great contribution to mankind.

> Even the stranger in foreign lands pleads with you, so far as he understands himself and knows aright his own true interest. There are in every nation minds who can never believe that the great promises to the human race of a Kingdom of Law, of Reason, and of Truth are idle and vain illusions, and who cherish the conviction that the present iron-handed time is but a progression toward a better state. These and with them the whole later races of humanity trust in you.

Fichte himself could not have realized the full import of his prophetic words. Fichte may rightfully be regarded as the originator of the great modern system of German education; and how much that meant to Germany and to the world can here only be hinted at, and indeed hardly needs emphasis. It was one of the greatest products, features and instruments of Germany's golden age. That age indeed was far advanced. As Fichte spoke Goethe had yet a quarter of a century to live; but Schiller had died at Weimar three years before Fichte spoke. Hegel was still living in Jena itself at the time of the battle there. Schelling had already left Jena; but these two of the great post-Kantian idealists had many years of illustrious service before them. Both the Humboldts had had important relations with Jena, and Weimar, and Wilhelm von Humboldt had been Schiller's close friend; when Fichte at Berlin was giving his Addresses to the German Nation, he was living at the old family estate just outside the city. Alexander von Humboldt, that most colossal figure in the whole history of German science, was living in Paris, just returned from his famous exploring expedition in South America. There was a great society of scholars in Paris, and he was happy there. It was with reluctance that he returned twenty years later to take up his residence in his native Berlin. He hated the provincialism and religious bigotry which he found there, and Berlin long remembered his biting satire. He little foresaw the great achievements in science and art which Berlin was to witness. Only he at his best would be equal to the satire adequate for the political provincialism celebrated at the Potsdam garrison-church a few days ago.

The spirit of Potsdam and the spirit of Weimar—I do not know in what terms the two principles struggling against each other in Germany could be better defined—"the dominion of the iron hand," as Fichte expressed it, against "the inspiring Mind and Reason." In which does "the soul of Germany" reside? One wonders what Hitlerism cares for the golden age of Germany, "the spirit of Weimar." Hitler himself may be pardoned for not reading Luther; for he is a Roman Catholic. But did he ever read a page of Kant or Lessing or Goethe or Schiller? Was he ever thrilled by any strain of Haydn or Mozart or Beethoven or Schubert, the mighty spirits who made the musical history of his Austrian capital illustrious? No word which has reached the outside world indicates that these or anything in the golden age of Germany have meant anything to him; while he has hardly opened his mouth in the last five years without vituperating the Jews as unfit for German citizenship and to be rooted out. When now at last Germany is reaping the whirlwind from this poisonous sowing, bringing him the confusion that any tyro should have foreseen, he professes surprise and flouts the world's condemnation as enmity to Germany. It is love for Germany, her great history and her great ideals. The effrontery of Hitler's resentment of world condemnation is startlingly revealed by the official confession on April 7, when a statement was compiled that in the disorders attending the revolution 320 persons had been killed, 40,000 wounded, and 100,000 imprisoned—which last number is steadily and rapidly mounting.

Fichte in his eloquent addresses appealed to "men in foreign lands, the minds in every nation that can never believe that the great promises to the human race of a Kingdom of Law, of Reason, and of Truth are vain." In this spirit he founded with Stein the University of Berlin and the great system of German education; and his appeal to the scholars of foreign lands, and the appeal of the education thus launched, opening a new era in science, research and criticism, was soon heard in the whole Western world. It was heard in America. Within a decade Bancroft and Everett and Ticknor were at Gőttingen. By and by Longfellow was there, and then Motley, the latter to begin his lifelong friendship with his German fellow student, Bismarck. Ticknor's studies exercised a marked influence upon Jefferson's new University of Virginia and upon Harvard College; and Bancroft was destined to become in 1871, our first American ambassador to the new German Empire. As the century went on, the lecture-rooms of the German universities were thronged with American students, finding there what they could then find nowhere else in the world. As they came from America, they came from other lands. Germany was the mecca of scholars, as it was the cradle of scholarship. Does the memory of this glory mean nothing to Berlin today? What did those thousands of devoted and aspiring pilgrims care about Frederick's victories at Rossbach and Leuthen? They cared even less than they knew. Did the echoes of Sedan attract them, or "the spirit of Potsdam"? It was the spirit of Weimar and the intellectual golden age which haloed Germany in their eyes, and above all the flowering of that broad and deep education which had its source in the dynamic ideals of Fichte and Stein.

When in my youth, in the time of Bismarck, I was for three years a student at Leipzig, there were 75 of us Americans in the University of Leipzig, and double that number in the Conservatory of Music. In Berlin, there were more American students than at Leipzig, at one later time nearly 500; and there were many at Göttingen, Heidelberg, Munich, Vienna and elsewhere. They were all grateful and admiring scholars; and the culture and influence which they brought home for our own higher education was incalculable. The love for Germany then created and the strong ties then formed will never be broken; and in this unhappy hour of reaction a thousand American hearts are harking back to those inspiring German days, and a thousand messages will find their way to German scholars expressing comradely concern and staunch confidence. The universities in these confused years have somehow failed to furnish the leadership which the time demanded; and youth itself, in whose inspirations Fichte had such high faith, has been betrayed by the humiliation and resentment which provided the soil for Hitlerism from its own befitting daring and prophetic role. While the student bodies in the universities of England and America are at this hour stirred by a veritable crusade for the new international order, the German scholars have largely seemed to be looking backward and listening more to the spirit of Potsdam than to the spirit of Weimar and the golden age. But the reason is clear, and the rebirth is sure. I believe that it will be from this youth of Germany, from the students in the universities, that will yet come the movement that will bring redemption.

By auspicious conjunction, the life of Immanuel Kant, greatest philosopher of German and of modern times, fell in the period of the American Revolution and the founding of our republic; and the coincidence is significant because Kant watched our struggle and

our triumph with deep concern and sympathy. Under the dreary absolutism of Frederick William II, Kant was a staunch republican; and in an age of wars he was the confident prophet of universal peace. His famous tractate on "Eternal Peace" was published in the midst of Washington's administration; and its cardinal principle was that peace and freedom go together. Peace and order will come to the world when, and only when, absolutism, and privilege are overcome and self-governing nations become predominant in the world. His reasons need not here be recounted, and they can never be set aside. Neglect of them, faithlessness to them, has been the source of Germany's woes and Europe's woes; and there is nothing which today has relish of salvation save their resolute appropriation and ascendency. Will Germany heed the best thought of her own great past and once more find her real "soul," with its assurance of a brighter future and a greater glory than any which "the Potsdam spirit" ever can or ever did confer? EDWIN D. MEAD.

Gandhi's Fast

The news of Gandhi's impending fast for the cause of ending untouchability has filled my mind all morning. I have jotted down some notes about its implications as I see them, and would like to share them with you and Roger and some others. So I am putting them down a bit helter-skelter as they came to me, and making carbon copies to send to the others.

The fast will certainly take place. Except for a physiological miracle I do not see that it can last as long as twenty-one days without killing him, but on the other hand we do not know all there is to be known about human physiology, and he has fasted before longer than the doctors believed possible.

There is another possibility that this time the fast would compel the orthodox Hindus really to sweep away the last vestiges of untouchability and compel the Indian Government to rush through the legislation which they have hitherto choked off simply by not supporting it,—legislation which would remove the legal obstacles now preventing the reform as far as temple entry is concerned. So far as I have seen the reports, Gandhi's announcement has not mentioned the Government at all, so its pride is not specifically standing in the way of a change in this respect. If such drastic and thorough changes were made before the fast goes far, I think Gandhi would feel that his purpose was fulfiled and he would call the fast off. But it would have to be a complete change of attitude on the part of the ultra orthodox Hindus and the Government. It is true that great improvements have been made since last autumn as you know, but also, as you know, Indians believe that the Government has secretly opposed the reform.

The issue is clear-cut and since the Government opposition has not been open they cannot claim that he is trying to coerce them now. Because the Englishmen cannot now get up any defense complex as they did last autumn, decent Englishmen in England will feel the shame of keeping so pure a character in prison. No matter how they may wriggle and talk about Gandhi as an actor or talk about other excuses, they will always feel ashamed if Gandhi dies in jail. Such an occurrence will shame them and their program forever. It is even more embarrassing to them than it was last autumn, because they have been claiming officially that civil disobedience is dead. It is possible, therefore, that they may release him. But they will have to do so unconditionally. He will refuse a conditional release, and if they put him out of jail despite his refusal they would be making open confession of moral and political cowardice. If they release him and he should live he will strengthen the Indian resistance so much before they can put him back that the whole British program will go by the board.

If, as seems likely, he dies, and remains in jail, his death will certainly purify Hinduism and assure the end of this evil of untouchability. It will indirectly purify all Indian social and political life among all communities and groups. Such an example will go far to uniting all the communities and thereby insure Swaraj in fairly short time. I say this because Indians are far more sensitive to moral issues of this sort than are we in the West. Indians have certain weaknesses, just as we also have our peculiar weaknesses, but on this point of morals Indians will react strongly. That sort of sacrifice moves them to the core of their being. By contrast with such an example all the other selfish and time serving and timid leaders of various Indian groups and communities will look so wretchedly small and mean that their influence among their cliques and in general floating public opinion will decrease so much further than they will cease to be of any support to the Government. All the other elements in Gandhi's program will assume sanctity and will gain great impetus and be assured of great endurance for decades to come. So if he dies during the fast, it will ensure undying opposition to British rule and cultural values of the West.

It is true that British power in India endures only because of Indian disunity, and Gandhi has always said that the three essential prerequisites to Swaraj are removal of untouchability, Hindu-Muslim unity, and widespread adoption of khaddar. The last fast nearly resulted in Hindu-Muslim unity, and if this one removes untouchability, Hindu-Muslim unity will follow after. The purification of Hindu society will give Hindus the power and unselfishness and wisdom to accomplish the other reform. Khaddar will follow because of Gandhi's personal influence and the enhancement of his influence because of the success of his other demands.

The British Government does not want Gandhi to die for another reason. They are afraid that without his personal living influence great disorder would break out all over India. One of the Government officials in India told a member of the British India League delegation that Gandhi was the best policeman that the Government has. Probably a few short sighted British military men in India would like disorder so that the army could get into action and they could prove that they are the sole support of the Empire. But the wiser heads at home do not feel that way. There is too much trouble all over the world, and British trade and British prestige would suffer too much from violence in India. Even Winston Churchill has said publicly that the last

thing they want to do is to have British troops shooting down Indians. So that may be another sharp prong on the horns of the British dilemma which may not only result in his release unconditionally but also in compelling the Government to throw its influence in favor of this reform of untouchability. The British Government is faced with a very serious moral and political test, at a time when everything else is critical too. 1933 is certainly a testing time for all of Western civilization. In regard to the likelihood of disorder in India if Gandhi dies, I myself think that the peasants will remain non-violent. There might be some violence in some of the cities, but I do not think it would go far. The number of people who really want it is too few, and the gloom and impetus to reform would be too strong to leave room for violence.

Gandhi is doing this thing on intuition, and his previous intuitions have proved true and have worked successfully. He not only knows the Indian mind and heart; he is the epitome of the Indian mind and heart at its best, as D. G. Mukerji so well said to me the other day. Indians respond to him because he is their own best self embodied. This attempt of his is an attempt of India to purify herself and revivify her national spirit. No such utterly sincere and wholly unselfish effort is being made by any other leader of any other nation. This moral contrast will do much to restore Indian national self-respect, and thereby release her from subtle thraldom and subjection to the West. Coming at this time of strain and selfishness in all Western civilization, this act will help lower Western pride,—a healthy result.

If Gandhi dies in this way, his principles will endure forever, in India especially but also in other countries. Also Indian Swaraj will be made doubly inevitable and considerably hastened. India and Russia are the only two countries where great moral reforms are taking place. They will be the leaders of the new world, and of the two I place India first. I am not sure that Gandhi will die, and somehow I am not depressed by the thought of the fast. Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to say so, but there is the fact. The ideals are going to live with increased strength, no matter who dies. Even Gandhi must die some day, and I feel that if he dies in this way the success of his program is sure. So he will be immortal, both to our immediate senses and in every other way. So let's not be too troubled.

RICHARD B. GREGG.*

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My Dream

I dreamed that Jesus said to St. Peter:

"Peter, I have just heard a startling tale. I have heard that in America, where I have given the people the best of natural resources, the best of brains to learn how to use them, and plenty of hands to do the work, that there is still want. I do not understand it. I'm sure there is enough for all."

"Could it be," asked Peter, "that some of the big fellows have more than their share?"

"Impossible!" said Jesus. "They are a Christian nation and believe my teachings. They know that they are all my brothers and sisters—hence, brothers and sisters to each other. Why, Peter, do you not remember that I said to them 'Love thy neighbor as thyself?'"

"Yes," replied Peter. "But you also said 'Love thine enemies,' but we both know that that was quite a little war that the Christian nations held not many years ago."

Jesus looked very sober.

"Yes," said he. "That is another reason why I want to spend tomorrow in New York City. I want to ask about that war. There must be some mistake; no Christian nation would go to war. Why, every day they pray: 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.' It is impossible, Peter —impossible!"

"Perhaps," said Peter, quite unconvinced. "But you're going to New York tomorrow?"

"Tonight, so that I shall be there bright and early for the church services tomorrow morning. And you must come with me, you doubter." And he laid his hand lovingly on Peter's shoulder.

They set out at once and at six o'clock that evening found themselves in the heart of New York City. They were tired and hungry, and Peter urged Jesus to find a lodging for the night and a bite to eat. Jesus agreed, and accosted a passer-by.

"Brother, will you tell me where we can go for the night?"

"There's a hotel," replied the man, pointing across his shoulder and hurrying on down the street.

Jesus and Peter turned and saw an immense, brilliantly lighted building, and, glad that rest and food were so near at hand, hurried into the hotel. They were directed to the desk.

"We would like a room just for tonight, and some food, Brother," said Jesus to the hotel clerk.

Another man, also standing behind the desk, whispered none too carefully in the clerk's ear: "He's a Jew. We have no room."

"We have no room, sir. I'm sorry," said the clerk, who was young and friendly.

"Don't apologize to them kikes," Jesus heard the other man say, as he walked away, but not knowing what "kikes" meant, he did not feel badly about it.

Some man on the street pointed out another hotel to them. They went in.

"Where's your luggage?" demanded the hotel clerk, briskly. He was a very important young man, whose time was most valuable.

"Luggage? We have no luggage."

"Well then, you'll have to pay in advance."

"Pay? We have no money."

"No money!" cried the proprietor, who happened to be standing near. "What do you think this is—a charity organization? Come! Get along out!"

"But," protested Jesus, "in this immense place you must have a room that you would not use tonight —just a small room——"

"What do you think we are? We're here to make money—not to house tramps. Now, get along out, or I'll put you out!"

A bit dazed, Jesus put his hand on Peter's arm and walked out.

"Isn't it queer, Peter?" he said. "It's all so rich

and splendid, but everyone seems unkind. I'd like to find the poor tonight. I believe I'd feel more at home amongst them."

They walked over to Fifth Avenue, not caring to try another hotel. They passed one spacious mansion after another. Finally Jesus said:

"If these aren't hotels, one should find a lodging here. There's plenty of room."

"I wouldn't advise you to try," said Peter, sagaciously.

Just at that moment a most pretentious limousine drew up and stopped and there alighted a man clad in furlined overcoat and a top hat, followed by a lady, richly and elaborately gowned. The man turned to his chauffeur.

"We'll go to church tomorrow, James, if it's fine."

Jesus turned gladly to this man. At last he would receive hospitality—this was a Christian!

"We are strangers in town, Brother. Will you take us in for the night?"

"Take you in? Where?" cried the man, astonished. Often he had been asked for a dime, but never before had anyone had the temerity to expect to be "taken in."

"Why, there. Isn't that your house?" asked Jesus, pointing to the huge mansion the man was about to enter.

"Yes, that's my house, but—what is it you want?" asked the man, unable to believe that this person was actually expecting to be taken inside his own home.

"I want a place to sleep for the night. Your house is so large, you must have space for just two more—for one night."

"Well, I haven't. I guess you've been drinking. Here, now, move along," and the man fumbled in his pocket and drew out a quarter.

But Jesus did not take the money.

"We do not mind if you have no bed. We'll gladly sleep on the floor. It's a bitter cold night to be out all night."

"Get out of my way. You're either crazy or drunk. Here, do you want this money or not?"

Then Jesus remembered that he was talking to a Christian.

"In the name of Christ," said he.

"In the name of Christ, shut up and move along, or I'll have you arrested," answered the man, and pushing the woman ahead of him, hurried into the house.

"And he goes to church," mused Jesus sadly. "I don't quite understand it. Maybe you're right, Peter; maybe the Christian nations *did* go to war, after all."

They walked along in silence. Then said Peter, who had been thinking of the lady in the limousine:

"Is it not strange, Lord, how queerly Our Father has made the women? They are so cold from the chin to the knees that they must kill the beautiful animals to wrap themselves in, but from the knees down they need nothing at all."

"Our Father gave them brains, Peter, and a free will; I don't believe he quite foresaw just how they were going to use them."

They walked all night, up and down Fifth Avenue, up and down Broadway. They watched the opera crowds and the theatre crowds; they gazed in amazement at the women, wearing on their half-naked bodies jewels and sables enough to make whole families economically happy for a life time.

Morning came. Jesus heaved a sigh of relief.

"Now," said he to Peter, "we will find the poor and needy. We will go to church."

"But why do you expect to find them in church, Lord?"

"O Peter, can't you see that it would not be Christlike to have riches while my brothers and sisters are starving? So, while there are people who are unenlightened and misguided, as we have seen tonight, who selfishly spend huge sums on themselves while others are in great want, they could not be in the churches, Peter. For Christianity means nothing if not Brotherly Love, and one does not love one's brother and let him starve without sharing with him to the last mouthful. So can you not see, Peter, that we shall find only the poor and needy in church?"

"But what about the man who wouldn't let us into his home last night?"

"I've been thinking about him," said Jesus. "I'm afraid he was insane."

So they set out to find a church. They were directed to a building that they had just passed, and had remarked upon as another evidence of showy wealth, sad to see in a city where poverty also dwelt.

"The man is wrong," said Jesus. "This cannot be a church. But we will enter and see for ourselves."

They were assured by the usher that they were in a church.

"But," cried Jesus, aghast at the gorgeous splendor of it all, "it must have cost so much money!"

"It cost millions," replied the man, with great satisfaction.

"Oh! It isn't true, then, that there are thousands of undernourished children in New York City?"

"Why, I guess that's true, all right. What has that got to do with it?"

"Nothing, excepting that I cannot understand spending millions for building a house in which to worship God, while God's own children are starving to death."

"We must show respect to God. If Christ should visit us again, we wouldn't want our houses of worship to be poor and mean affairs."

"If Christ should visit you again," replied Jesus, gently, "I'm afraid he would be so busy with his less fortunate brothers and sisters that he would have no time to visit your places of worship."

And he turned and went away. They found another church and went inside.

"I am looking for the poor and needy," said Jesus to the usher, casting his eyes over the well-dressed congregation.

The usher looked puzzled.

"Just have a seat," said he, politely. "Our pastor offers up a beautiful prayer for them every Sabbath, and the collection all goes to social service."

Jesus thanked the usher and went out. At the next church they got no farther than the door, where a number of people seemed to be waiting for something.

"Why don't they go on in, I wonder?" asked Peter; then, pressing closer, he saw that everyone stopped at the door to give money to the man who stood there collecting it, and that by the side of this man there was a sign which read: "Ten cents a sitting." Shocked, he turned back.

"Are we not through with the churches?" he asked.

"Let us try one more," said Jesus.

They did. The sleek, well-fed usher looked pained at Jesus' question: "Will we find the poor and hungry here?"

"There is no hunger in Truth," he said, reprovingly.

Jesus' face lighted up.

"Then it is not true?" he asked, gladly. "There are no hungry in New York City?"

"There is no hunger in Truth," repeated the man, with determination.

Peter touched Jesus' sleeve.

"Come away," he whispered. "He doesn't mean what you think he does."

Out on the street again, they did not know where to go next. Of course they were very tired and hungry, having been up all night, and having had nothing to eat. A chauffeur standing near, stamping his feet and throwing his arms about, trying to keep warm, overheard them talking and said pleasantly:

"I'll tell you how to get to the poor section," and proceeded to tell them what cars to take to get to Hester Street.

"We have no money. Can you tell us how to walk there?"

The man hesitated.

"It's a long walk. I'd like to take you in the car, but I might not get back, and there'd be the devil to pay. But here's your carfare. You're welcome to it."

They thanked him, and within an hour were in Hester Street, in the midst of its dirt and squalor—and hospitality. Jesus rapped on the door of one of the tumble-down tenement flats.

"We are hungry," he said. "My friend and I have been walking all night without anything to eat. We have no money, but if you could——"

"Certainly, come in," said the tired, white-faced little woman. "Here, Pa, these men have been trampin' all night without a bite. Ain't it lucky we're just settin' down? Here you, Bertha, you an' Johnnie—move over to the sink with your stuff, an' let the men set down."

It was a merry meal, despite the fact that there was nothing but boiled potatoes and cabbage, and tea, without milk or sugar. But Jesus knew that it was the hospitable instinct of his hostess that kept it merry; he knew, too, that the mother and the oldest daughter went with practically nothing to eat, that there might be plenty for the guests.

Only once did the conversation take a serious turn; that was when one of the little children said that brother Joe had looked like Peter. The mother wiped her eyes, while the father explained to the guests:

"Joe was shot in the Great War. Did you go to the front?"

"No," said Jesus. "I would rather love and serve my fellow man than to hate and kill him."

"It's a good thing you didn't talk that way during the war," said his host. "One man, Debs was his name, was put in jail for ten years for sayin' just them words—and some more like 'em."

They stayed all day in Hester Street. The poor people flocked about Jesus and told him all of their troubles—how disease, unemployment, inadequate wages kept them always down, but how kind were the dear, good rich people who kept them from quite starving to death.

"Better let us starve; then there'd be something doing. But they're too smart for that," grumbled an old, wise-looking Jew.

"For shame!" cried several.

Then Christ revealed himself. And there was great excitement in Hester Street! One little fellow, with a keen news sense, rushed away, and in less than an hour's time, had amongst them a reporter from every daily paper in the city.

And Christ said to them: "I could give you plenty to eat and drink, and for a short time you would be happy. But what permanent good would that do you, or your children, or your children's children? None. The rich do that now, to what avail? Material, temporary aid is not what you need. You need a change in men's hearts and minds which will change the horrible system that is grinding you to earth. I go, but I will come again, into men's hearts, as I am in a few brave hearts now. There is a better future for you. Farewell."

And he ascended to Heaven.

The next morning one paper had an account in full of Jesus' experience (which he had told all the reporters) and Jesus' speech to the people. It was the New York *Call*. No other paper had even a mention of Christ's visit, having told their reporters that it had no news value, with the single exception of the New York *Times*, which had the following, in the lower right hand corner of the fifth page:

St. Peter Visits New York

St. Peter spent yesterday in New York City, making an investigation of the system of charities here. He expressed himself as being very well satisfied with the wonderful work carried on amongst the poor, especially with the *Times* annual Christmas collection for New York's one hundred neediest families.

A young man by the name of Jesus Christ accompanied him.

RUTH STOUT.

The End.

Jerusalem

Hordes of weary, heart-sick pilgrims,
Beaten, bowed down and oppressed,
Enter now the land God promised,
There to find eternal rest.
And the ancient, time-worn city
Gathers in the lives, near done;
Gladly gives them sheltered welcome,
Hills and air, blue sky and sun.

In the narrow, stony by-ways
Once the ancient prophets trod,
Now the weary, patient pilgrims
Come, to seek their fathers' God.
At the Wailing Wall they lift up
Bony, wrinkled, anguished palms,
Begging from the passing tourist
E'en a tiny bit of alms.

From dark lands with crowded ghettos,
Cities void of light and air,
From deep sorrows and oppression,
Cares and trials everywhere,
They have reached the Holy City;
They have found Jerusalem—

And the ancient walls, still sturdy,
Stand supreme and shelter them.

JANET PURVIN MANGE.

The Study Table

A Great Journalist

For several years before it ceased publication, the New York *World* had as its chief editorial writer, Walter Lippmann. Then by a curious turn of affairs he became a free-lance contributor for the *Herald-Tribune*. The *World* was, one might say, *the* Democratic paper. The *Tribune* has always been as staunchly Republican. The test to Mr. Lippmann's sincerity, his self-respect, his loyalty to his employers, was sufficiently severe. How well he has borne himself in these circumstances his "Interpretations"* bears abundant testimony. The dedication to Helen Rogers Reid and Ogden Reid, "who made possible the writing of these articles," attests the liberalism of the publishers of the *Herald-Tribune*.

The book is edited by Allan Nevins, of Columbia, himself a publicist of note. He has arranged the articles in topical, not chronological sequence, and has done his work well. The words of Mr. Lippmann, when he was on the *World*, were given great consideration. His editorials were probably more often quoted on the floor of Congress than those of any other writer. His present articles are said to be syndicated in more than one hundred newspapers over the country. They are written in the strain of the best British liberalism of the last century. Mr. Lippmann is too well known as an ethical teacher to need any further commendation. I perhaps cannot do better than to quote his typically high-minded and frank appraisal of the ethical bearing of certain political situations affecting the leadership in both political parties. The quotation may be found on page 242.

". . . My belief is that the American people in the post-war era have been so much the victims of post-war conditions because from the highest places they have been set such bad examples.

"I refer to the example set in dealing with the scandals of the Harding administration. The responsible and personal leaders of the Republican Party eight or nine years ago were confronted with the worst corruption which had disgraced the national government for fifty years. I do not say that they failed to prosecute the guilty. I do say that they exerted the whole force of their well-disciplined partisan power to smother an awakening of the public conscience and to escape the retribution which their party had earned. In this they succeeded, and the effects of their success continue to demoralize our public life. Their success was based on the discovery that if the party under attack does not reply, the attackers soon exhaust their ammunition, bore the voters and lose heart themselves.

"The discovery has been appropriated by the Democrats in New York. Mr. Smith and Mr. Roosevelt, in dealing with the Tammany scandals today (October 28, 1932) are following the same pattern of conduct which Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Hoover and Mr. Hughes followed in dealing with the Harding scandals. In the Harding era the initiative in exposing corruption came from Senator LaFollette, an independent Republican, and from Senator Walsh, a Democrat. In New York today the initiative comes from the Republican State Chairman, Mr. Macy, and an independent Democrat, Mr. Seabury. Then, as now, the honest men in high places were willing to assist the processes of the law when specific assistance was needed. But now as then, those in high places do nothing to stimulate the exposure. Now as then, they refrain from employing their extra-official knowledge and power as party leaders to make the exposure thorough. Privately they deplore the corruption, and publicly they are wet blankets to damp down popular indignation.

"What makes this kind of political conduct so demoralizing is its success. Two men who adopted this pattern have been triumphantly elected President. With these examples before them is it surprising that young men entering public life should feel that the rewards go to the cautious, the calculating and the complacent, or that the people at large grow cynical and listless about their public affairs?"

JAMES A. FAIRLEY.

*"Walter Lippmann's Interpretations." Edited by Allan Nevins. Published by the Macmillan Company.

Poems of War and Peace

The poems in this paper-bound booklet* do truly constitute a challenge, a challenge to all thoughtful people as to whether or not they will allow the rule of Mars to continue in the world. Dr. Hughan herself is a passionate believer in, and a tireless worker for a warless world. These twenty-two pieces were written before, during and after the World War. Some have been published in magazines, and one, "The Regents Examination," was listed in Braithwaite's Anthology for 1914 as among the thirty "poems of distinction" for that year. But many have not appeared before on the printed page.

The verses are excellent in structure, and in content are alive and full of punch, if I may be pardoned that expression. The stinging denunciation and scathing sarcasm in which Dr. Hughan indulges at times are fully justified in view of the subject she treats. The poems are divided into four parts: Prologue, The War, Epilogue and War Time Parodies. The last division contains some clever versifying. Dr. Hughan frequently says much in little, as witness "The Winged Victory of 1919":

> Victory rides in the storm-cloud vast,
> Poised on our prow in the rushing blast:
> Mighty her pinions before us spread,—
> But *where is her head?*

If you are an advocate of war you should read this book. It will stir you mightily. If you are an advocate of peace you should read it, for it will also stir you mightily, though in a different way!

MARGUERITE EMILIO.

*"The Challenge of Mars & Other Verses," by Jessie Wallace Hughan. Distributed by the War Resisters League, 171 West 12th Street, New York.

Poetry and Prophecy

Mr. Swensen, a UNITY poet, has made an enduring contribution in this volume† to our social-vision poetry. "Night Shall Pass" is a challenge and a cry: a clarion call for justice to triumph over greed and for love to "bear the light that makes men free." As we read his ringing lines, we are impressed with the sincerity of his convictions. Here we find a true poet-prophet whose vital lyrics will help to hasten the time when "night shall pass."

In their stirring foreword, Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney, poetry editors of UNITY, reaffirm their faith in poetry as a force for social betterment and hail Mr. Swensen's poems as "arrows of courage." These arrows will fly speedily to their mark.

ETTA JOSEPHEAN MURFEY.

†"Night Shall Pass," by Henry E. Swensen. Published by Poetry Publishers, Philadelphia. $1.00.

Correspondence

The "Pulling Doll"

Editor of UNITY:

The economic development of the United States these years reminds me of the Norwegian fairy tale about the "pulling doll." Such a doll was very desirable property, but few people knew how to make one. My brother, who collected folk-lore during the last years of his life, got the prescription for one from an old peasant women. It was made of old broomsticks and rags, and taken into the early morning dew three Thursday mornings in succession, whipped and thrown through the arch of its creator's legs, while she cried: "Life into the devil's skin!" Then the doll, or "tuss" as it was also called, had life, and ran about seven parishes milking other people's cows, gathering grain in other people's fields, and making itself generally useful to its owner, who had nothing to do but set the pails ready for the milk and the granaries for the grain. The possession of a "tuss" was kept secret, because the devil did not like you to tell about it. But many people would have liked to have a "tuss," if they had only known how to make one. The old woman who told my brother would not have told if she had had the complete recipe. She admitted that some important ingredient was missing. If a "tuss" were not kept busy, it would turn upon its owner and destroy his health and property.

The above has nothing to do with the fairy tale; but it does go to show that the "tuss" was no angel. But here is the story:

Once upon a time there was a man who wanted to be wealthy. But however hard he worked, he had nothing but the daily bread, and plain shelter and clothing like other people; nothing substantial, nothing to put away toward a rainy day.

How it happened, I don't remember, but one day he came upon a dirty rag-doll. He had heard about pulling dolls, but didn't know how to make them. When he saw this one, however, it probably was altogether too disreputable-looking to belong to a child, because he concluded at once that it was a pulling doll, brought it home, and fondly placed it in the big chest.

Sure enough, dusk came on, and he saw the doll trotting off across the fields toward somewhere. He didn't know where the doll was going; that was none of his business; but after a while it came back with something under its arm. In the morning, when he looked into the chest, there was a neat little bag with one hundred dollars in it. So it went on happily for quite a while. The pile of money in the chest grew, the granaries were full to overflowing, the hams hung below the rafters by the dozens, the cheeses were piled up on the shelves, and there were gorgeous embroideries and blankets, many more than he needed. He had nothing to do but lie on the bed and smoke and twiddle his toes while the women cleaned the house (the doll had no such instincts, it seems), and on Sundays he drove to church in a stately carriage with two fat horses, and everybody said, "Look who is coming!" And he wasn't mean or stingy, oh no! When he came like a streak of lightning on the road, and everybody marvelled about his fine horses, and the children ran to the gates to open them, so that the important gentleman might not be too much delayed, he would smile and throw pennies to them; for he had a generous nature, and disliked to see others as poor as he had been.

They were touchingly grateful; but those were probably the only pennies they ever saw. For while this man was in such remarkable luck, everybody else for miles and miles about was having a hard time. They might save and slave, and stint themselves, even on the necessities, so that the four hams might last through the winter, and so that they would not have to kill any of the milch cows to keep them from starving in the spring; they would put as many children as possible into one bed to keep them warm under the only cover they still possessed. But though there were four hams in the storehouse one day, and though they did not eat it themselves, on the next day there might only be three; the fodder dwindled in the barns, and the children's stockings disappeared from the washline. Money, of course, is rarely seen on the farms, being unnecessary in everyday life; but taxes have to be paid sometimes, and that is when the farmer goes to his chest for that little fund, laid aside during a good year, to meet such an emergency. But there were no funds anywhere anymore.

Yet our hero grew ever more wealthy, while his neighbors dropped, by ones and by dozens, in the wearying battle with the wolf. They still did marvel at so great a man, of course. They marvelled more and more. Too much! They went in a body to him and asked him how he did it. He, having a drawing doll, kept silent. But they were too strong for him, and besides, they had seen those embroideries and blankets, which hung so lavishly around the room, being worked by their own wives. They opened that chest and saw the goldbags and the lovely doll, understood, took their property, and went home in silent dignity.

The man had lost his friends, and knew it. He was a genial soul himself, and solitude was hard on him. He had often tried to talk to the doll before; but it was always mute and lifeless when he approached it. This time he sat and wept beside it, saying, "If I had known that you were that kind of a doll! You are just an ordinary thief! I didn't mean any harm!"—and that kind of thing. Then the silent doll rose and spoke:

"What did you expect? I had to take it somewhere, didn't I?"

That is the story, and it really is one. I have known it since childhood, didn't make it up, although it certainly is so congruent with conditions today that you might think I did.

S. L. BAASCH.

Kirkwood, Missouri.

Anent Male Speakers and Geneva Vaults

Editor of UNITY:

The report of the Committee on Cause and Cure of War by Rosika Schwimmer in UNITY, March 6th, is delightful!

May I comment on two points raised by the writer.

First: the program boasted sixteen men and three women speakers.

Recently I received the program of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. This boasts one woman and about eighteen men.

A recent program of the Friends Youth Conference—all men.

The American Jewish Congress protest meeting boasted one woman and about twenty men.

When men make up the programs they ignore the women. When women make the programs the ancient male hero complex gets in its fine work.

There are just as many splendidly eloquent women available as men. Why cannot we have at least a 50-50 deal? I'm all for boycotting the "all men" programs.

Second: Mme. Schwimmer comments on the twelve million signatures resting safely in Geneva vaults.

Recently Hugh Wilson our delegate to Geneva wrote to a correspondent, "when the vast majority of which you speak becomes convinced of the advisability of total disarmament, then and then only will total disarmament become a fact." I sometimes wonder if these Geneva delegates are all blind and deaf that they do not see the signatures or hear the voices of the spokesmen of 12,000,000 signers.

Recently thousands of crippled, blind war heroes went to Geneva to plead for Peace at any Price. One lone delegate, Benes, received them. Yes, indeed, we should "mourn" for the Geneva Conference. We ought to bury it and forget it; and join the Einstein Brigade of 2 per-centers who refuse to fight.

ANNIE E. GRAY.

Director, The Women's Peace Society.

"At the Head!"

Editor of UNITY:

. . . I only fulfill a long-delayed duty when I express to you my hearty thanks and appreciation for your excellent UNITY. It is no exaggeration when I say that I place it at the head of all other magazines I am reading. . . .

A. L.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 166)

later famous in Matthew Arnold's apostrophe to Oxford's incurious spires. But he had sowed the Hebrew seed. The names of some of the teachers survive: Elias Delmedigo, Jacob Loans, Obadiah Sforno, Elias Levita; never equated, it is true, with the Greek teachers in Italy and yet surely not quite undeserving of posterity's praise.

We have to take our stand about the Reformation. Was it, as Mr. Hilaire Belloc says, a "mighty process which destroyed the common culture of Europe?" Or may we say, with a former Hibbert Lecturer, Mr. Charles Beard, whose book has recently been reissued by the Professor of Political Science at Cambridge, that it was "part of a mightier movement than itself—the manifestation upon religious ground of the intellectual forces which inspire the speculation and have given us the science of today?" Upon our choice between these views depends, or should depend, for the Nazi propagandists seem indifferent to it, our appreciation of the Jewish contribution to German thought. If we are pro-Reformation we may rank that contribution high, for, when the Renaissance crossed the Alps and passed into the Reformation, Hebraism was as essential as Hellenism to the complete expression of the modern mind. Reuchlin's Hebrew Grammar of 1506 was a veritable tool of culture (unless, indeed, it was a tool for destroying it), and the Jews of Germany, at their own extreme peril, enabled him to forge it. It opened Cabala as well as Scripture, the mystics as well as the Authorized Version, and Luther and Milton alike are partly Hebrew as well as Greek.

The next stage in German culture was the Romantic Movement, which spread its healing across the desert of the Thirty Years' War. Do Herr Hitler and his propagandists count that Movement as a chapter in German history? If so, what do they make of the Jews' share? Moses Mendelssohn, who peddled his way from Dessau to Berlin in 1743, was surely among the Romantic founders. By the marriage of his daughter, Dorothea, he became the father-in-law of Frederick Schlegel, and he was a father of the Movement as well as father-in-law of the prime mover. Saintsbury, who died the other day, assures us that Mendelssohn's "actual critical work leaves us, if not in the depths of the wilderness, at any rate at some distance from the Promised Land." Other critics rate his share higher, but Saintsbury's metaphor is so apt that we may accept his valuation, and the exact measurement does not affect the fact that he marched in the company of the pioneers. He was Lessing's friend and collaborator and the equal colleague of Abbt and Nicolai, and the light which he shed pervaded the way of culture to the nineteenth century. "Menschenliebe," "Allgemeinheit," "Toleranz," love of mankind, universalism, toleration, these, too, are parts of German history and they are derived in no small measure from the hero of Reform Judaism, whose passionate plea for emancipation passed into the heritage of France in revolution and of America in independence.

I might speak of Heine and Börne, and of Rothschild stepping out of the Frankfort ghetto, filled with the sense of Europe and filling his descendants with that sense. But the simplest statement is the best, and the truth is that every Jew in Germany who is being maltreated today as an enemy or an alien, quite apart from the Jewish contribution to the common stock of art, music, literature, commerce, etc., has a longer ancestry of service to his country than the Chancellor in whose name the deed is done.—*Laurie Magnus,* in the London *Times.*

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